

1-2
DIVINE

P O E M S
O N

Several Occasions.

By J. AUTHER,



L O N D O N:

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THE PREFACE.

IT is of very little Importance to acquaint the Reader with the Reasons why the following POEMS are made Publick. If the Book should be acceptable or useful to him, those Reasons are needless; if it prove distasteful or disagreeable, all the Reasons in the World will never satisfy him.

The Author is under very little Concern at the Reception it may meet with from the Criticks, Wits and Libertines of the Age. His Desire and Ambition is to please and entertain serious Christians. They are some of the greatest Things of our holy Religion, that are the Subjects of the following POEMS: and if they are not work'd up with all that Life and Spirit which a nice and judicious Reader might expect, he hopes that Candor and Ingenuity, which is so essential a Part of the Christian Temper, will overlook those Defects, and accept his sincere tho weak Endeavours.

He has nothing further to add, but to recommend them to the Influence of the divine Blessing, and the candid Perusal of serious Christians. May they in some measure answer the End sincerely design'd by the Author.

THE

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POEMS

Several Occasions.

1 Cor. Chap. XIII. *Paraphras'd.*



A D I the most capacious Mind,
With Learning fraught of ev'ry Kind;
An Head stor'd with a Magazine

Of human Knowledge and divine;
Could I my copious Thoughts express

Like the sublime *Demosthenes*,

Or in the charming *Tully's* Sense,

Yea, with an Angel's Eloquence;

All knotty Problems could make out,
Explain each Myſtery, ſolve each Doubt,

For working Miracles, could I
With a Divine Apoſtle vie,
Tear ſolid Mountains from their Baſe,
And ſtubborn *Dæmons* diſpoſſeſs.

Did I in ev'ry bounteous Deed
All, that before me went, exceed;
Pawn ev'ry Houſe, ſell ev'ry Field,
Churches and Hospitals to build;
In ſhort, diſtribute all my Store,
And ſtarve my ſelf to feed the Poor.
Did ſo much Courage fire my Heart,
That I ſhould act the Martyr's Part,
Bow to the Sacrificing Knife,
Or in the Flames yield up my Life.

Yet all I know—— and do—— and bear,
If Charity is abſent there,



Would

several Occasions.

11

Would vain and insufficient be,
Nor Heav'n would please, nor profit me.
Howe'er my Acts appear to Men,
And their attracted Praises win,
Yet all would be but splendid Sin.

Strange! that a Man may all Things know,
And only to increase his Woe!
With all that's dear on Earth may part,
And yet of heav'nly Bliss fall short!
May Dev'ls eject, and yet at last
Himself be to those Devils cast!
May in the Mart'ring Flames expire,
Yet sink from those to fiercer Fire!

Hail Charity, mysterious Name!
How great's thy Pow'r, how high thy Fame!
Whate'er I want, let not my Breast
Be void of Thee, bright heav'nly Guest;
With sweet Illapse come from above,
The Fountain of eternal Love;

And with a sacred Flame inspir'd
 My Heart from that celestial Fire;
 Refine and raise each Faculty,
 And all my Virtues sanctify;
 Possess of Thee, I've all I owe,
 Love's the fulfilling of the Law;
 But wanting Thee, all else must pass
 For tinkling Cymbal, sounding Brass.
 No Gifts can e'er supply thy Place,
 Thou art the Soul of ev'ry Grace.
 Oh let not all I know, and do,
 Be vain—— and all I suffer too;
 But form my Soul to Love Divine,
 And let thine Image, Lord, be mine.

Three Graces in a golden Chain,
 Faith, Hope and Charity, remain,
 But Love's the noblest of the Train.
 However bright the rest appear,
 Their Sphere of Acting's only here,

They with the present State are past,
But Love to endless Years shall last.



Distinguishing Grace.

FROM Heav'n unpity'd sinning Angels fell,
By flaming Justice straight pursu'd to Hell;
Their haughty Pride urg'd an impetuous Doom,
That for Reprieve or Pardon left no Room:
No friendly Mediator stepp'd between,
To break the Chain of Punishment and Sin;
Instant they fell beneath the vengeful Rod,
The untry'd Wrath of an incensed God:
Nor yet the worst — but still reserv'd to wait
With boding Terrors of a fiercer Fate,
When wasted Time shall bring the fiery Day,
And parting Clouds prepare the Judge's Way.
But O my Soul, adore distinguish'd Grace,
That flow'd to pity *Adam's* lapsed Race;

Presumptuous Man had dar'd, as well as they,
 To tempt his Maker's Wrath, and disobey,
 And by aspiring Pride (the Angels Fall)
 His Glory lost, his Paradise, and all.

Yet could the kind, tho' Injur'd, Deity
 Cast on the Rebel a relenting Eye;

And what he punish'd, so severe, in them,
 With milder looks commiserate in him:

He's spar'd— he lives— nor is't a bare Reprieve,

Almighty Grace will his sad State relieve,

And save the Life Almighty Pow'r did give.

He lives— and hears the joyful Tydings come,

Toward the Fate of his impending Doom,

A Saviour's promis'd — he no less an One

(Surprizing Grace!) than God's eternal Son,

Nor could a Work so great, by one less great,
 [be done;

Whose all-sufficient Merit should restore

What Sin had robb'd him of— yea purchase more

Than what he lost, or what he had before.

Thus

Thus Angels sinn'd, and straight from God are }
 [driv'n;
 Thus *Adam* sinn'd, to him a *Saviour's* giv'n }
 To avert the Curse of Hell, and make his Peace }
 [with Heav'n.]

Say then, my Soul, if thou canst trace the Cause,
 And this mysterious Method canst disclose,
 Why in such wonderful and different ways
 His Grace and Vengeance the great God displays?
 What Reason can by Reason be assign'd,
 Why so severe to them, to us so kind?
 Was it because (as curious School-men guess)
 One Part of Angels only lost their Bliss?
 But when our Proto-Parent fell from Grace,
 His Crime involv'd all his succeeding Race.
 Was it because without Seduction they
 And by no Tempter drawn, did disobey?
 While their ensnaring Arts for Man were laid,
 And first to Sin, and then to Death betray'd.
 Was it because with his own proper Will
 Each Angel acted when he sinn'd and fell?

Whilst

Whilst we (unborn) not conscious of the Deed,
 Sinn'd but by fatal Union with our Head,
 And one Man's Crime transfus'd the Guilt thro'
 (all his Seed.)

Thus Reason by Conjectures weakly tries
 To solve the Knot of heav'nly Mysteries;
 Dissatisfy'd we after all remain;
 What Reason answers, it refutes again.
 Give o'er the Search, my Soul, and try no more
 Investigable Causes to explore,
 But what thou canst not reach in silent Love adore.
 Oh! may it rather be thy studious care
 To gain an Interest in thy *Saviour's* Heart,
 Of that redeeming Love to have a Part,
 Which the despairing Fiends can never share.
 Rest satisfy'd with what thy God reveals,
 Altho' the Reason He above conceals;
 And let me count it Proof enough, since I
 Know it is so, altho' I know not why.

Revere

Revere the Wrath that was on Angels hurl'd,
Adore the Grace that sav'd a sinking World.
Great God, that could distinguish Rebels thus,
Frown them to Hell, but give thy Son for us!
Oh! fare a whole Eternity above.
Will but sufficient be, for Saints to prove
The Wonders of thy Grace, and thy redeeming
Love.



On the last Day, in 2 PARTS.

PART the First.

MY Soul within thy self retire,
To others leave this Noise and Dinn,

All thy Vagary Thoughts call in,
The mighty Theme will all thy Force require.
And tho I own the Task

Too great for me, yet I can hardly ask

The single Aid of any Muse in it;
 For of themselves they are, I know,
 For such a sacred Work as this unfit,
 To Vice and Leudness prostituted long ago,
 'Tis thine, bright Faith (celestial Ray,
 Offspring of Heav'n,
 Whom God has giv'n
 To guide our Reason and direct our Way;) [spire.
 Thy better Aid and Influence I desire,
 To raise the feeble Muse, and nobler Thoughts in-

II.

A Christian's Faith will now do more
 Than all the Muses could before;
 'Twill represent (strange Mystery!)
 As past and gone, things that are acting now,
 And things yet long to come, will bring to [View;
 On Wings of Faith the Soul may fly,
 And Objects, at remotest distance, near espy.
 And tho' I own the Task
 Too great for me, yet I can hardly ask

Haste then my flying Thoughts, bound o'er
(the Space
Of interposing Years and Months and Days;
Ev'n swiftest Time it self outrun,

Bring the great Judgment on,
And tell from Faith what then shall in our Sight be
(done.

III.

Come represent the dreadful Day,

(By Faith I see't already come)

Whose burning Heat shall straight consume
The World's great Fabrick, and in Ashes lay

The Pride of Man, the Pomp and Show
Of all we envy or admire below;

Th' important Day, that must decide
The Fate, th' eternal Fate of all Mankind.

Let scoffing Libertines and Atheists (blind
With sensual Lust and worldly Pride)

This formidable Truth deride;

Their own enlighten'd Sense

At last shall terribly convince,

When, what they fear not now, they then shall
 (see,
 Too late will cure their stubborn Infidelity.

IV.

Metinks I hear the Trumpet sound,
 The killing Accents fly around,
 And thro' the Earth and Air, and Skies rebound;
 Nature aghast, and all the World
 In wild Confusion hurl'd;
 Affrighted Mortals, startled at the Noise,
 Their Pleasures and their Business all forget,
 (Pursu'd but now with so much Heat)
 A more affecting Scene new Thoughts employs,
 Strikes dead their Cares, and buries all their
 (Joys.
 The boldest Sinner now
 With guilty Terror quakes,
 Earth under him does tremble too,
 And from the Surface to the Center shakes.
 Dying Convulsions seize all Nature's Frame,

The

The Sun retires and his bright Orb forsakes,
The *Moon* and *Stars* are nothing but a Name,
And all the Elements dissolve in brightest Flame.

V.

Once, as in sacred Writ we read,
A desolating Flood o'erspread
The World, which Sin before had deluged;
The Fountains of the mighty Deep began
To break their Bounds, and with a rapid Force
Upward they bend their Course,
Swelling to meet the Waters in the Sky;
Both join to punish Man,
(Rebellious Man's Iniquity.)
O'er Earth's sad Face they spread their rolling
(Waves,
Above the loftiest Mountain's height prevail,
With an impetuous Torrent bear down all,
And bury Men and Beasts in wat'ry Graves.
Depriv'd of vital Air each breathing Creature dies,
And all th' expiring World in liquid Ruines lies.

One rescu'd Family alone survive,
 And triumph o'er the gen'ral Wreck,
 Within the *Ark's* safe Covert kept alive,
 Spar'd for their pious Father's sake ;
 (Indulgent Heav'n reserved there
 A chosen Seed, the Wastes of Nature to repair ;)

As him distinguish'd Piety had crown'd,
 So him and his distinguish'd Mercy own'd,
 And sav'd by Miracle, when all the rest were
 (drown'd.

VI

As Water then, so Fire shall now
 (For thus unerring Prophecies foretew)
 In Floods of weltring Flames the destin'd World
 (o'erflow :
 Fire, that more raging Element,
 To waste devoted Cities sometimes sent,
 As when from Heav'n a sulph'rous Show'r
 Commix'd with Fire the angry God did pour
 On

several Occasions.

23

On sinning *Sodom*, and the neighb'ring Plain,
Quenching their heated Lust with burning
(Flame,
Straight their polluted dwellings overthrew,
And in the Ruines bury'd all the guilty Crew.

What then befell one small, one sinful Part,
An Emblem is of what the Whole shall feel

On this great Day of Nature's Funeral.

With what relentless rage it burns!

The strongest Works of Nature or of Art

With rapid Fury overturns,

Those Works, that did Time's utmost Fury last,

Now all to speedy Ruin haste;

What Time with all his Iron Teeth could ne'er de-
(vour,

The Fire more sharp and greedy swallows in an Hour.

Lo! how it spreads it self in glowing streams,

And all the smoaking World but one vast *Ætna* seems.

On

On the Last Day.

PART the Second.

Mean while behold the awful Judge appear,
 Drawn in the Chariot of a fiery Cloud;
 No Veil does now (as once) his Glories shroud,
 And Troops of mighty Angels guard him thro' the Air;
 He who before in humblest Frame,
 Urg'd by all-pitying Mercy then,
 On the kind Errand came
 To shed his Blood and rescue sinful Men,
 Now arm'd with Justice and Resentments keen,
 He comes to plead his injur'd Cause,
 And to avenge his slighted Laws,
 In all the dreadful Pomp of Heav'n is seen.

Lo how the Scene is shifted now!
Those very Eyes, that once had seen him here
Stand at the Bar a cited Prisoner,
(With what Surprize do they again look on!)
Behold him now a Judge upon a glorious Throne.

He whom false Tongues accused then,
And lying Lips unjustly did condemn,
Now comes a juster Sentence to pronounce on them.

II.

Hark, from his all-commanding Voice,
The joyful, dreadful Summons sent,
(That pow'ful Voice which Rocks does
(rent,

And only the obdurate Sinner's Breast,
More hard than Rocks, can e'er resist;)

Arise ye Dead, to Judgment come,
And wait the Fate of your impending Doom;
And straight th' obedient Earth,

Urg'd with a strange prolifick Pow'r,
Such as it never felt before,

(See how it labours with the mighty Birth!)
 And Teams with a plenteous Crop of human Race,
 Lo! how they issue from its heaving Womb!
 (no x) See how they rise, see how they come!
 Each in his proper Place,
 As thick and numberless,
 As Ears of Corn or spiral Piles of Grass,
 Or, what th' amazing Number more displays,
 Like the bright dancing Motes that people the Sun's
 (Rays!

III.

The Dust of Bodys dead long since
 (At first the Feast of greedy Worms,
 And after passing thro' a thousand Forms,)
 Does meet again, and their old Frame com-
 (mence ;
 The scatter'd Atoms rally, and unite
 In all the Parts of Hands, and Feet, and Head,
 (and Eyes ;
 The human Body once more organize ;
 The mould'ring Fabrick is new-built more
 (bright,
 And

And *Phoenix*-like does out of its own Ashes rise.
The Grave its captive Prisoners sets free,
The Sea delivers up her Dead,
And Death, is swallow'd up in Victory :
Death, that great Conq'ror, who had spread
O'er ev'ry Place, thro' ev'ry Age, his Reign,
Six thousand Years triumphing o'er the Sons of
(Men;
Both *Time* and *Death* themselves devour'd have,
And both are swallow'd up in Nature's common
(Grave.

IV.

See the whole Race of human Kind,
The rising Dead and Living chang'd,
In one compendious Body rang'd ;
The awful Sight awakes in ev'ry mind,
Amazing Dread, astonishing Surprise
Now parted by the Judge's dread Command,
Two grand Divisions all the diff'ring Sects comprise ;
The Just like Sheep at his right Hand,

Like Goats the Wicked at his left,
 Of ev'ry Glimpse of Hope bereft;
 With Joy the one lifts up his Head;
 The other sinks with guilty Dread,
 As conscious of their Fate:
 But ah Repentance now too late!
 Fain would they shift the Tryal, which they can-
 (not bear,
 They would not, dare not, yet they must ap-
 (pear;
 Like Men, reduc'd to last Distress, they run
 The awful Judge's sight to shun,
 And helpless Rocks and Mountains they im-
 (plore
 To shelter them from his all-piercing Eye;
 But Rocks and Mountains prove as deaf to their
 (vain cry,
 As they were to the Calls of Gospel-Grace before.
 V.
 With trembling they are forc'd t' appear,
 The dreadful Sentence of their Doom to hear,

That

That Sentence (full of Hell) *Depart,*

Enough to pierce their Ear, and rend their
(Heart ;

Justly does he on them retaliate,

(A most tremendous but deserved Fate)

Him they did basely flight before,

And spurn'd at all his offer'd Grace ;

Depart from us (say they) for we abhor

To seek the Knowledge of thy Ways :

And now He, in his turn, bids them depart,

Frowns in his Face and Fury in his Heart ;

Depart from me, with Curses on your Head ;

With Devils, whom you most resemble, take your
(Part ;

Justly your heinous Guilt has merited

The Punishment, for them prepar'd in Hell,

In never-ending Burnings there with them to dwell.

VI.

But from this black and horrid Scene,

My Soul, now turn thine Eyes away ;

The bright side of the Cloud survey.

Oh

Oh see how joyful, how serene
 The righteous Flock appear,
 The welcome Sentence of their Bliss to hear!
 (Bright Faith, among the rest shew me my Place,
 And fix me with those Heirs of Grace)
 • Ye Blessed of my Father come,
 • With Joy I call you to your wish'd for
 (Home,
 • Come and with me participate
 That bright immortal State,
 My Father's early Love and Care
 Did, e'er the World was built, for you pre-
 (pare;
 • That heav'nly Glory, you have sought
 With many Pray'rs and Tears and Saff'ring
 (hard;
 • And which my richest Blood for you has
 (bought;
 • Your Labours now shall meet a full Reward,
 • The former Sorrows you no more shall know,
 • But circling Joys your lasting Happiness renew.



The last Words of a dying Saint.

WELL, after many tedious Steps, I'm come
To Life's last Stage, and near I see my
(Home,

My Father's House, the Mansion of the Blest;

My weary Soul longs there to be at Rest.

Farewel vain flattering World (from whence I go)

By dear Experience taught to call thee so;

Thy trifling Cares, thy soothing Pleasures die,

A nobler Prospect fills my longing Eye.

Adore the Hand, my Soul, that brought thee thro'

This Pilgrimage of Life, of Sin, and Woe;

Thy constant pow'ful Guard from ev'ry watchful

(Foe,

These dang'rous Paths my Feet have safely trod,

And in the main my Heart kept close with God.

To him the Praise entirely due I own.

Whose Pow'r has finish'd what his Grace begun.

My

My Life, my Work, are both concluding now,
Death will accomplish all my Toils below.
But one short Passage (tho a dark one) more,
Where thousand happy Souls have gone before,
And when, with them, I once am safely thro',
A glorious Scene will open to my View.
The gloomy Vale I pass unmov'd with Fear,
It is enough—my God is with me there.
Blest JESUS, what Returns to thee are due,
To whom our Vict'ry o'er the Grave we owe?
Hast taught thy People, with their dying Breath,
To triumph over all the Pow'rs of Death.
• Oh Death, where is thy formidable Sting?
• Devouring Graves, whence do thy Conquests spring?
• 'Tis conscious Guilt thee all thy Terror gives,
• And from the Law its killing Pow'r derives.
• But oh, my Soul, for ever bless his Name,
• Who dy'd for thee, and dying overcame;
• Who broke the Pow'r of the condemning Law,
• And Death is now become a conquer'd Foe.

Why

Why should the Christian be afraid to die?
His *Saviour's* Death yields him the Victory.
Why should my better Part, my Heav'n-born Soul,
Start at a Dissolution, or recoil,
That from its Inmate it must parted be,
When that will join it nearer, Lord, to thee?
Reluctant Nature still invites my Stay,
But Thirst of Glory urges me away.
Haste my Beloved then, come quickly Lord,
For thee I wait, still leaning on thy Word:
That which in ev'ry Trouble me relieves,
In dying Moments living Comforts gives.
Supported by thy Word, I ready stand,
To yield my Life, my All, at thy Command;
To *Death's* cold Arms this dying Flesh resign,
My Soul, dear JESUS, I commit to thine,
For thine I am —
A double Right has made thy Title good,
Form'd by thy Pow'r, and purchas'd by thy Blood.
Send down a Guard of *Angels* to convoy
My parting Spirit to thy Heav'nly Joy;

E

Where

Where perfect Pleasure, perfect Holiness,
 United join, to form a perfect Bliss;
 Where all my Cares and Sorrows shall have end,
 And, to my ampler Satisfaction tend,
 Where I shall never, never more offend.



Paraphrase on Part of Job Chap. 38.

THE feeble Disputants now quit the Field,
 To conquer impotent—averse to yield.
 With joint Consent both Parties are retir'd,
 And neither Side convinc'd, tho' both are tir'd,
 In things Sublime what could vain Guesſes do?
 And human Reasoning could no further go.
 Th' important Controversy then to end,
 Behold th' Eternal does himself descend,
 Lo in the gath'ring Clouds the Signal giv'n!
 And straight appears the Majesty of Heav'n;
 A Voice Divine the awful Silence broke,
 And from the Tempest the Almighty spoke:

Who's this, wrapt up in Ignorance and Pride,
That dares so boldly censure and decide?
Presumes my awful Counsels to arraign?
And only darkens what he would explain?
But since an upstart Creature dares pretend
With his Almighty Maker to contend,
The Freedom, thou could'st wish, is granted thee
I will demand—prepare to answer me.
Come forth with all the Pow'r of Reason's Rules,
And dress'd in all the Armour of the Schools;
Vain Mortal! where was thy precarious Birth,
When these Hands fix'd the Basis of the Earth?
Did I by Counsel or Advice of thine
The Compass draw, or stretch the measuring Line?
To thee was this peculiar Favour giv'n,
To be the Privy-Counsellor of Heav'n?
Didst thou the World's great Architect advise,
How he should frame the Earth, the Seas and Skies?
Didst thou by thy superior Rules of Art,
The Center fix, and ballance ev'ry Part?

Who was it form'd a Bason for the Sea,
And lock'd its Waves up by a fix'd Decree?
They roll and toss, and yet are forc'd to keep
Their stated Bounds in the appointed Deep.
Who was it swaddled up th' unwieldy Mass,
And fix'd the Bounds that it can never pass?
Didst thou mark out his Path, and bid the Sun
In Azure Fields his daily Circuit run?
Does he arise and set, at thy Command,
With Light and Heat alternate chear each Land?
Hast thou unbarr'd the Adamantine Gate?
Or search'd the Volumes of eternal Fate?
Have thine Eyes pierc'd th' Abysses of the Sea?
Have *Death* and *Hell* disclos'd their Scenes to thee?
Know'st thou how wat'ry Vapours mount on high
To furnish out the Treasures of the Sky,
And in full Stores for Mercy or for Judgment lie;
How they return to Parent Earth again,
To chear the Fields in friendly drops of Rain?
Or crusted into Icy Balls are hurl'd
In Storms of Vengeance, on a guilty World?

Who

Who for the parted Light prepar'd a way ?
 And marshal'd all the Clouds in bright Array,
 Where Thunders dreadful roar, and glaring Light-
 (nings play ?
 Canst thou the heav'nly Constellations guide ?
 Direct how o'er the Globe each should preside ?
 While the sweet *Pleiades*, with kindly Pow'r,
 Unbind the Earth and open ev'ry Flow'r,
 All Nature smiles, the airy Minstrels sing,
 To welcome in the Verdure of the Spring ;
 Or whilst *Orion*, with the closing Year,
 Fierce in his stated Season does appear,
 Of wintry Storms th' unwelcome *Harbinger* ;
 Try if thou canst by thy superior Force
 Restrain their Influence, or change their Course ;
 Command the Meteors to attend thy Word,
 The Wind, the Hail, and Rain obey their Lord ;
 With friendly Gale bid gentle *Zephyrs* blow,
 To fan the Earth, and curl the Ocean's Brow ;
 Or if it please thee more, call *Eurus* forth,
 With *Boreas's* blustering Forces of the North ;

Bid them with winged Fury sweep the Plain;
And raise the foaming *Billows* of the Main;
Bid Vapours rise to darken all the Sky,
And spread o'er Earth a gloomy Canopy;
And then direct th' obedient Clouds to pour
Upon the thirsty Fields a welcome Show'r;
Or when th' impetuous Rains too largely flow,
When swelling Torrents threat the Plains below,
And Nature fears a second Deluge—try
To stop the Sluices of the teeming Sky.
Bid Lightnings come and go at thy Command,
To dart their Vengeance o'er the trembling Land;
Deck thee with Strength and summon all thine Aid,
Go forth in all thy dreadful Pomp array'd;
Strike thro' thy Foes, and spread thy Rage abroad,
Crush haughty Tyrants with thine awful Rod,
And try if thou canst thunder with a Voice like
(God.)

Convinc'd and baffled the *Uzzean* lies,
And prostrate to his Maker thus replies:

Dread

Dread Sov'reign, to thy Scepter I submit,
Thy Wisdom, Pow'r, and Grace are infinite;
My former Rashness I deploring see,
That but in thought I should contend with thee;
No longer will I argue, but adore,
So much of God I never saw before.
Mine Ears some faint Report of him had heard,
But never such a dreadful Scene appear'd;
No more shall poor precarious Creatures dare
With an all-wise eternal God compare.
Less to my self I never did appear,
I see, I feel Omnipotence is here.
Prostrate I bow to thy superior Sway,
Man was not made to censure but obey.



*The weakness of our Faculties, or
the uncertainty and deficiency of
Human Knowledge.*

I.

WHAT ardent strong Desires have still
(possess
The curious minds of Men to know!
For this they quit their needful Rest,
And wasting painful Labour undergo;
With what incessant study they explore
The Works of Nature—run the whole Creation o'er!
And yet how small a Portion can we gain
Of what so strongly we desire t' attain,
What small Returns to recompense our Pain?
How weak our Reason, and how dim our Eyes!
How straighten'd all our Faculties!

So

So high these Matters, so sublime,
(In vain we rise, in vain we climb)
They rather like the Sun confound and blind,
And dazzle than inform the Mind;
Like Pyramids our Understandings show,
The higher they ascend the narrower still they grow.

II.

By thousand Questions we may try
To puzzle Learning and Philosophy.
Say then, ye mighty Sages, if you can,
How your own selves in Embryo first began,
And bubbling Life first started into Man.
How grew the Bones? how did the Structure
(rise
In that dark Cell, the pregnant Womb,
Where Nature, with her curious Loom,
(In secret works, conceal'd from mortal Eyes?
Describe the wond'rous Union that does bind
The Soul and Body in the strongest Ties,
How are two Beings of such diff'rent kind,
Dull Matter and an active Mind,

With such endearing Intimacy join'd?
 Say how by various Methods these dispense
 By swift Conveyance mutual Influence,
 And as the Body's gay, serene, or dull,
 Shew how these different Tempers should impress
 (the Soul.

III.

Where has the Soul, the royal Dame, her Seat?
 Does she rule in the Center near the Heart,
 The Source of active Life and Heat,
 Thence to each Member vital Pow'r impart?
 Or keep her courtly Residence,
 In the sublimer Chambers of the Brain?
 Or does she spread her self thro' ev'ry Sense,
 And no determin'd Place her Seat restrain,
 But all in all, and all in ev'ry Part?
 What is the wond'rou's Pow'r (describe)
 We so admire at in the brutal Tribe?
 Reason or Instinct is its Name?
 Whence their Sagacity, their Cunning flows,
 That little less than thoughtful Reason shows?

With

f

Like

Like us they act, in many things the same,
Must we ascribe all to mechanic Powers,
Or is there something that resembles ours?
If Actions be the same, why may not too
The Principles from whence they flow?
Are we and they upon a Level then
And what Preheminence above the Beasts have
(Men?)

IV.

Explain the Stomach's wond'rous Chymistry,
By which th' extracted Food is turn'd to Aliment,
And in nutritious Juices sent
Thro' ev'ry Part, the Wastes of Nature to supply
Hence diff'rent Humours, but Effects the same,
Conspiring all to feed the vital Flame.
Or can you give the Reason why
Nature has form'd in Men such strange Antipathy?
Why, what as Poison one Man shrinks to
(eat,
Another feeds on as delicious Meat?

Why with an harmless Creature one shall play,
And at the Sight another swoon away?

V.

What are the Principles (declare)
From whence material Beings are produc'd,
To which, as their Original, they are
By Dissolution still reduc'd?
And say by what mysterious Law
The Parts of Matter so adhere,
And by attractive Force each other draw?
Resolve th' entangled Case if Matter be
Divisible into Infinity?
Since the Debate does still among the Learned lie,
To which disputed Side must we agree?
What those assert, these still deny,
* And both to Demonstration flie;

* I hope no Body will suppose that the latter Part of this Stanza, is design'd as a strict and solid Argument against the *Divisibility of Matter in Infinitum*; 'tis intended, only in a Poetical way to throw together several Difficulties, which may answer the main Design of the Subject. Dr. Jenkin has endeavour'd to shew that the disputed Case is capable of Demonstration on both Sides, (*Reasonableness and Certainty of the Christian Religion*, Vol. 2. Page 4.) and 'tis here mention'd with the same View, for which he does it, *viz.* only to represent the Weakness of human Reason.

Now if you can by all your Reasoning shew
How contradicting Terms may both be true.

If for th' Affirmative you plead,
As by the greatest Part is now decreed,
Then won't this gross Absurdity ensue,
That any Part of Matter, howe'er small,
Will prove as large as the terrestrial Ball?

VI.

What is the Wind, describe its Laws,
It's true Original and Cause,
And shew from whence it comes and where it
(goes.

And next the mighty Sea survey,
Explain it's wonderful Phenomena;
Say how that great unwieldy Mass
Should so collected stand,
And in prodigious Mountains over-look the Land;
Urg'd by their Weight why don't the Waters
(pass

The Face of Earth to cover o'er,
Old Ocean to his Empire once again restore?

Say

Say by what secret Pow'r or Force
 Its Flux and Reflux take their stated Course,
 Clear, if you can, that Mylltery,
 On which the Learn'd have been so long at Strife,
 And which, if common Fame don't lye,
 * Cost the despairing *Stagirite* his Life.

VII.

Your further Skill it will require
 T' explain th' amazing Element of Fire;
 Whose mighty Use all know so well,
 But to its Nature are such Strangers still.
 Say how these active Principles should be
 Imprison'd in a dull and heavy Flint?
 (Which to our sight, and ev'ry other Sense
 Seems to have no such subtil Matter in't)
 How by Collision they're extracted thence,
 And catching strait their nearest Prey,
 A burning wasting Flame commence?

* 'Tis commonly reported of *Aristotle*, that he drown'd himself in the Sea, because he could not find out the Reason of its Ebbing and Flowing: and tho' I believe, this Story is nothing else but a vulgar Error, yet I hope, I may be allowed to use it (under the Protection of Poetical Licence) as it is here introduced.

And shew where goes extinguish'd Fire,
When from th' exhausted *Pabulum* it does retire?

Does it evaporate and die away,

Or mount aloft above the Air,
To some imagin'd fiery Region there?

VIII.

Shew how the vegetable Tribes arise,

How plastic Nature draws the kindly Juice,

And thro' the straitned Tubes does liquid store dis-

Thence shoots their large extended Branches to the
(Skies?

How is this Mystery explain'd,

This Difficulty understood,

From Earth so light, so thin a Substance drain'd,

And then condens'd into a solid Wood?

Or how the wat'ry Vapour is exhal'd, declare,

Drawn up by *Sol's* attractive Pow'r,

High in the middle Region of the Air,

Converted there into a pendulous Show'r,

Why Storms and Tempests on Ocean wait,

How And 27 was burns us up with scorching Heat?

While

How are those Vapours gently thence distill'd,
 And in kind Drops refresh the parched Field?
 Why don't they in full Cataracts descend,
 And with a floodly Vengeance deluge all the Land?

IX.

What is that Pow'r you Gravitation call
 (Men may invent what Names they please)
 That fastens all things to the pond'rous Ball?
 Why our Feet stand erect, and, opposite to these,
 In the same Posture our *Antipodes*?
 Why heavy Bodies in strait Lines descend?
 ('Tis Nature's Law by all confest)
 And stones ejected to their Center tend?
 But how's the Earth with such a Pow'r imprest?
 And how by it that wondrous Pow'r exprest,
 That ev'ry Thing to swift Obedience draws
 To th' magick Force of these magnetic Laws?
 Say how the Stars at Distance so immense
 Diffuse on Earth their potent Influence?
 Why Storms and Tempests on *Orion* wait,
 And *Syrius* burns us up with scorching Heat?
 While

While the sweet *Pleiades* their gentler Pow'r dis-
(pense,
And genial Warmth and milder Seasons propagate?

X.

Which controverted System must we heed?

Do we, as antient Sages have agreed,

Possess the Centre of the World?

While *Sun* and *Moon*, and *Planets* all,

Attendance paying to the earthly Ball,

Are round us in their sev'ral *Orbits* whirl'd?

Or does the Earth on its own *Axis* move,

As later *Virtuosi* fain would prove,

Turn with the rest about the mighty *Sun*,

And thro' the azure Heav'ns its annual Circuit run?

Which diff'rent System must determine us,

Old *Ptolemy*, or late *Copernicus*?

XI.

What is the Planets wond'rous Frame,

And whence have each their diff'rent Name?

For what were these bright *Orbs* set out on high,

Only to wander in the Sky,

G

Like

Like sparkling Gems, to gratify our Sight,

And with a faint and feeble Light

To gild the gloomy Shade of Night ?

Or are they Worlds, with Creatures stock'd,
(like ours,

Of various Kinds and various Pow'rs?

If so, their Nature, Use, and Laws declare,

Tell of what Forms their diff'ring Nations are,

And whether Sin had ever Entrance there ?

XII.

The Mysteries of Providence display,

(The grand Objection in the *Atheist's* way)

Why Virtue misses its Reward?

And flagrant Vice from Punishment is spar'd?

Why Want and Mis'ry oft the Good oppress,

While Sinners shine in prosp'rous Wickedness

Declare, how this with heavn'ly Rules agrees

And the just Conduct of a righteous Deity ?

Clear, if you can, the Doubts that spring

From the sublime Decrees

Of the Eternal King ;

How Heav'n does all our Thoughts and Acts
(decree,
And yet how all our Thoughts and Acts are
(free ?

Say how this suits with God's Fore-sight ?
And human Liberty with Fate unite.

XIII.

Well, can you find these Problems out,
And to our Satisfaction solve each Doubt ?
In vain we ask— your boasted Learning's vain ;
While we converse in this imperfect State,
These, and such other Problems, will remain
Perpetual Themes of Study and Debate.

How dark are all Things here below ?
In Part we see, in Part we know ;
The Way we wander in's a Maze,
And all our boasted Knowledge but a Blaze,
The *Ignis-fatuus* of the Soul,
That rather does elude and vainly please
Than truly fix or satisfy the Mind:
No wonder thus we grope the Truth to find,

- ‘ At so much certain Trouble and Expence ?
- ‘ Forgive ye *Sages* this Offence,
- ‘ Forgive a Wretch, that dares decry
- ‘ Your boasted Learning, and your vain *Philosophy*.

XV.

- ‘ I’ll strive however to be good,
- ‘ And guide my Life by Virtue’s sacred Law ;
- ‘ This by the meanest may be understood:
- ‘ To Souls of lowest Frame this Pow’r is giv’n,
- ‘ Hereby I’ll hope to climb, at last, to Heav’n ;
- ‘ And then without fatiguing Study, I shall grow
- ‘ As wise, as knowing, as the best of you.
- ‘ There the emancipated Soul
- ‘ (By no contracting Pow’rs controul’d,
- ‘ Which now obstruct its tow’ring Flight)
- ‘ Truth in its native Lustre shall behold ;
- ‘ To understand will then as nat’ral be,
- ‘ As now ’tis for the opening Eye to see.
- ‘ The glad’ning Beams of heav’nly Light,
- ‘ Sprung from th’ Effulgence of the *Deity*,

‘ On

On the pure Mind will strongly dart,
 ' Irradiate ev'ry Pow'r, and ev'ry Part,
 ' And in that glorious *Sun* we clearly Light shall see.



The Repenting Sinner.

MY wretched Soul, ah! whither wilt thou run,
 Thy Guilt, thy Sorrow, and thy Shame to
 (shun?

Where wilt thou find th' impenetrable Veil,
 That can the closest of thy Crimes conceal?
 From mortal sight thy Follies thou mayst shroud,
 But canst thou Heav'n's all-piercing Eye elude?
 Or hoodwink Conscience, that it cannot see,
 Or wilt thou bribe it, that it silent be?
 Vain thine Attempts—Heav'n from above still
 (views thee,
 And like a Shadow thine own Guilt pursues thee.
 Strive from thy self deluded Wretch to flee,
 Quit thine own Being for *Non-Entity*;

Then,

Then, not till then, may thy sharp Pangs be eas'd,
And guilty Storms in softest Rest appeas'd.
Stay then, fond Sinner, tho thou tremble, stand,
And of thy self a strict Account demand ;
Descend into thine inmost Soul, and see
How matters stand between thy God and thee.
Think now—oh think—how one Day thou canst
(bear,
Laden with Guilt, before his Bar t' appear ?
How wilt thou then lift up thy conscious Head,
With black Confusion all thy Soul o'erspread ?
Think then in Time—improve repenting Space,
Prostrate thy self before his awful Face,
Fly to his Mercy-Seat, and plead his offer'd Grace. }
But first with contrite, bleeding Heart, confess
Thine heinous Sin, and own thy Guiltiness :

My Crimes, I see, are great and loudly call
For speedy Vengeance on my wretched Soul ;
And if I'm doom'd to die, yet still I must
Acknowledge thy severest Sentence just ;
Thine

Thine Holiness I have affronted, Lord,
Thy Justice dar'd, and slighted all thy Word;
Thy Promises and Threats in vain have been,
Or to allure, or fright my Soul from Sin;
Thy Mercy I've abus'd, thy Patience try'd,
And all thy gracious Offers long deny'd;
My Guilt so heinous, it might animate
E'en Grace it self to my deserved Fate;
And yet I must, as my last Remedy,
For shelter to abused Mercy flie;
This is my only Refuge, after all,
Prostrate before thy Mercy-Seat to fall.
Great God, accept my penitential Tears,
Speak Peace, and silence all my guilty Fears;
I only ask what thy rich Grace can give,
Father, let a repenting Rebel live;
Shew kindness to my Soul, thro' him that dy'd;
I have offended— He has satisfy'd;
My Guilt, I own, thy justest Wrath provokes,
But his rich Blood thy Mercy more invokes,

Let

Let that prevail above my crying Sin,
Avert thy Wrath, and work my Peace within.
All my rebellious Arms I here throw down,
Thy just Authority and Laws I own;
To thee my only rightful Lord submit,
And all my dearest sensual Interests quit;
To God and Duty I would now return,
And that I come so late, I only mourn;
'Tis late Repentance, but, I trust, sincere;
What melts my Heart, oh may it move thine Ear.
Let me the Favour, others found, receive,
And taste the Joys thy pard'ning Mercies give.
Give me but hopes, oh Lord, that thou art mine,
And I'll resolve to be for ever thine,
By consecrating ev'ry Pow'r to thee,
And all I have thy Sacrifice shall be.

But still I'm jealous of my treach'rous Heart;
And fear lest I again from God depart,
Lest fresh Temptations draw my Soul to Sin,
And I renew my Guilt and Grief again;

Impart the Aids of thine all-pow'rful Grace,
 To fix my Heart, and guide me in thy Ways;
 May that prevent my fear'd Apostacy,
 And still secure my Heart and Life to thee;
 That by my future Conduct, I may prove
 Mine Int'rest in thy pard'ning, saving Love.



*The grateful Soul, or, Praise to God
 for his Mercies.*

TO thee our ardent Praises we address,
 Parent of Good, and Source of Happiness!
 Deserving Object of our highest Songs!
 And while to thee we consecrate our Tongues,
 We only pay the Debt, which to thy Name be-
 (longs.)
 Our Blessings all are thy free Gifts, and we
 Our Being and Well-being owe to thee.

But

several Occasions.

59

But ah! how shall we form the great Design,
Tho' Myriads in the joyful Concert join,
The Pow'rs are human, but the Theme divine.
Our strait contracted Hearts can never frame
So just a Sense, as thy rich Favours claim,
Nor can we our most elevated Praise,
In full Proportion to their Merit raise;
Yet would we still the pleasing Work pursue,
And we'll attempt the best we can, to shew
Our Gratitude to thee, to whom all Praise is due.
Thy Mercies Graves, Lord, we would never be,
Where they are bury'd in Obscurity;
But grateful Thanks shall openly resound
As free and open thy rich Gifts abound.

And tho whilst thus thy Bounty we adore,
Are forc'd our own Demerit to deplore,
And with our Songs of Praise repenting Tears we
(pour,

Yet ev'n those Crimes, which dye our Cheeks with
(Shame,

Brighten the more the Glories of thy Name:

So the dark Shades, we with gay Colours place,
Gild all the Piece and heighten ev'ry Grace,

Oh! may we more ingenuous, grateful, prove,
And all thy Mercies be like Cords of Love,
To draw our Souls the nearer still to thee,
And bind to Duty with more Energy :
Or may they be, dear Lord, like kindled Coals
Of Fire, heap'd on our Heads to melt our Souls,
That our cold Hearts may by their Influence move
To kind Obedience, form'd on ardent Love.
That the sweet Streams which chear our toilsome
(Way,
And plenteous flow thro' each revolving Day,
May to that Fountain, lead our chearful Mind,
In whom all Pow'r is with all Goodness join'd;
Till, form'd by Love, we mount the upper Skies,
Where richer Grace descends, and nobler Praises
(rise.

The

My Soul with Transport view the wondrous



Till deep Amaze ment every Passion light

*The Passion---- or the Sufferings of
Christ attempted.*

I.

COME, pious Souls, a Saviour view

In all he did, in all he bore for you,

For you his precious Blood was shed;

Come see the mighty Love of God to Men!

Come see the deadly Ill of Sin!

See what the great Redeemer suffer'd in your Stead!

But could no meaner Sacrifice

Appease the Wrath of injur'd Heav'n?

Could Peace be purchas'd at no lower Price?

Amazing Grace! no less was giv'n,

Th' eternal Father's Darling dies,

The condescending Son of God

Writes his own Loye in Characters of Blood.

My

My Soul with Transport view the wond'rous
 (Sight,
 Till deep Amazement ev'ry Passion light,
 And streaming Tears from both mine Eye-lids
 (glide,
 Fast as the Blood flow'd from his wounded Side.

II.

The Pow'r and Malice of his mightiest Foe,
 Great as they were, could nothing do,
 'Till Heav'n's appointed Season did commence,
 And till the wish'd for Opportunity
 Was yielded by permissive Providence,
 For them to act the long concerted Tragedy,
 No Pow'r against him they could have,
 But what the heav'nly Powers gave;
 But now breaks forth the great Decree,
 And now comes on the fatal Hour,
 While Earth and Hell unite their Pow'r,
 His dol'rous Passion now approaches nigh,
 The gloomy Scene is opening to th' admiring Eye.

III.

Lo with what passive Meekness he
At once does to his Father's Will submit,
And pow'ful Malice of the Enemy!

He will not save, by Force or Flight,
That Life he came on purpose to lay down.

With instantaneous Speed he could have drawn

From Heav'n a bright and pow'ful Guard,

Legions of *Angels* stood prepar'd

To fly at his commanding Word,

And rescue their distressed Lord:

Or with his own Almighty Pow'r

He could confound the Fury of his Foes,

And save himself from that dark Hour:

He with a Word had struck them down before,

And with the same could strike them quick to
(Hell;

But where were then th' Events which antient Seers
(foretel?

And how would Grace and Truth their wond'rous
(Scenes disclose,

Or guilty wretched Man be sav'd from deadly Woes?

IV.

IV.

Now view him in his bloody Agony.

What Conflicts did he in the Garden bear?

Tho these a Prelude only were

To weightier Sufferings, deeper Misery.

With what pathetic Energy he pray'd,

His Soul with dreadful Horrors all dismay'd!

While clotted Blood press'd thro' each tortur'd

(Pore,

And all his Body sweat with Purple Gore!

Hear with what Weight he opens his Complaint

To his Attendants (impotent

To help or save their dear oppress'd Lord,

No human Pow'r can help afford)

' With Terrors I'm beset, the Suff'rer saith,

' And loading Sorrows press my Soul to Death.

As in a Garden first our Sin began,

So there the Work to save apostate Man.

V.

Nor could his Nature, pure without a Stain,

But startle, and Reluctance shew,

Against

Against such agonizing Grief and Pain,
Those Fruits that from the pois'nous Root of Sin
(do flow,

And thus the Man against it pray'd,
(Tho still the *Deity* dispos'd stood,
Not with the gloomy Thought dismay'd,
To bear the weighty pressing Load)

- Father, if possible, this Cup remove,
- And spare the Object of thy dearest Love ;
- If not, I must, I will resign,
- Father, thy Will be done, thy Will is mine.

VI.

Now view him thus dispos'd, and thus prepar'd
To wade thro' painful Woes and Suff'rings hard,
Attack'd, assaulted, dragg'd away

By a rude Mob, a barb'rous Band,
Who with an impious sacrilegious Hand,
Profane his sacred Person—but to them

A Traytor of his own House doth betray
The holy Jesus—Judas was his hated Name,
No less than one of his Disciples, who

A vile ungracious Wretch did prove,
 And for the sordid Thirst of Gain broke thro'
 The Bonds of Duty, Gratitude and Love.
 For thirty Pieces the vile Wretch doth sell,
 His *Saviour* to the Jews, his Soul to Hell.
 What mischiefs flow from sordid Avarice,
 Parent of Ill, and Nurle of ev'ry Vice?

VII.

Behold him now before the Court arraign'd,
 And as a Malefactor stand,
 (But oh amazing Sight what does appear?

The Lord of all the Earth is standing here!
 He, who'll at last to Judgment come,
 Guarded with flaming Terrors then,
 To all dispense their final Doom,

Stands to be try'd himself by sinful Men!)
 See there what heavy charges they commence
 Against my dear oppressed Lord,
 Tho perfect Purity and Innocence,
 And load with Crimes his righteous Soul abhor'd.

Hear

Hear the loud Outcries of the common Tribe
The giddy Populace, excited by
The cruel Priest and the Blood-thirsty Scribe,
Who for pretended Justice cry,

In that outrageous strain of *Crucify*.

How vain a Thing is popular Noise,
And what precarious Breath the People's Voice!
So soon *Hosannas* dye upon their Tongues,
And Peals of bloody Rage succeed triumphant Songs.

VIII

The bloody Sentence now is past,
(Unjust as were the Crimes against him, forg'd,
And active Instruments the Execution haste)

Now view him, by the Judge's order, scourg'd,

With knotty Cords his sacred Body torn;

Then in sham Triumph with a Crown of Thorn,

His Head to wound, not to adorn,

A Purple Robe, and in his Hand a Reed,

The figur'd Emblems of mock Majesty,

The sacred Victim forth they lead,

With taunting Salutations bow the Knee,
 And in deriding Language cry out, Hail
 Pretended King of *Israel*!
 Then from his Hand they fiercely snatch'd the
 (Reed,
 And striking, nail the Thorns to his afflicted Head.
 Now, strip of these sham Ornaments, behold
 The holy Sufferer dragg'd away
 To Execution— follow him my Soul,
 And trace his painful steps to *Golgotha*;
 How like a Lamb to Slaughter he is led,
 And Partner with the worst Transgressors made,
 Betwixt them both he's hung, to shew that he
 Was mark'd out there as greatest of the three.

IX.

And yet un-mov'd the glorious Sufferer stood,
 With unexampled Patience all endur'd
 Not all th' Affronts he bore (an heavy Load)
 Extort the least complaining Word,
 The Innocence and Meekness of a Lamb
 In him did meet, still with himself the same.

His Mouth ne'er open'd, but to pray for those,
Whose Cruelty had made his bitterest Foes.

• Father forgive the Wrongs, he cries,

• The wrongs I bear, forgive,

• And tho I suffer such Indignities,

• Yet let th' unthinking Rebels live.

Amazing Grace! the *Saviour* dies,

And by his Blood atones the Guilt

Of those, by whom that precious Blood was
(spilt.

Lord, let me be by thine Example fir'd,

With the same gen'rous Principles inspir'd,

Learn to forgive all that have injur'd me,

And triumph o'er Indignities like thee.

X.

And now the closing Scene of all I see

(Who with dry Eyes and unpleas'd Hearts

Th' affecting Sight can view?)

My *Saviour* fasten'd to the curst Tree,

With Nails his Hands and Feet, those tender Parts

Are

POEMS

Are pierc'd and wounded, and his Ears
 With cruel Taunts and flouting Jears:
 With persevering Rage his Foes
 Th' oppressed JESUS still pursue,
 The least Rebel or Pity, that is due
 To vilest Wretches, is to him deny'd.
 With sharpest Scorn and haughty Pride,
 They make a mock of all his Woes;
 Still wound his Ears with their blasphemous
 (Breath,
 And basely triumph over him in Death:
 A mighty Saviour here, say they, we have,
 Fit Trust, indeed, for us, when he himself can't
 (save.

XL

But oh! what Tongue is able to express,
 What Heart conceive the Dolours of his Soul,
 When our most weighty Guilt his mind did press,
 And Floods of heav'nly Vengeance o'er his Head
 (did roll?
 When God himself did join

To

To bruise his only Son,

And heap'd our pond'rous Sins on him alone !

Like Sheep we stray'd—the Surety, in our stead,

Bore all our Pains, and Wrath incens'd shed

Collective Vengeance on the Shepherd's Head.

But Words are wanting here, T

And our Conceptions all fall short,

No Tongue or Thought a Saviour's Grief can

(paint.

How great so'er his other Sorrows were,

No murmuring Complaints could they extort,

But this, of all his Woes the weightiest Part,

Pierc'd deep the Center of his Heart; 2

And made th' oppressed Jesus vent,

In that pathetick strain his dolorous Complaint;

Oh! why hast thou forsaken me my God,

And left me under thine avenging Rod? bñA

Dear Lord, we own thy weighty Grievs—and

(join

To say— Was ever, ever Sorrow, Lord, like thine?

Thus fall three Hours, a painful Time and long,
 Upon the ignominious Cross
 The great Redeemer hung,
 And bore the utmost Malice of his Foes;
 The Wrath of Man, the Rage of Hell;
 But what was heavier still,
 The worst Ingredient in his bitter Cup,
 The Vengeance of his heav'nly Father's Rod;
 Till frail Humanity by Suff'ring broke,
 And fainting Nature sunk beneath the Load:
 And yet how placidly does he yield up
 Submissive to the closing Stroke!
 Father Receive this parting Soul of mine,
 To thy dear Hands my Spirit I resign.
 He spoke, and peaceful bow'd his sacred Head,
 And parting sought the Seats of all the pious Dead.

XIII.

But can so great a Person fall
 As He— and in a way so strange,

And Nature feel no shocking Change?

No ominous Signs appear at all,

In Heav'n above or Earth beneath,

To signalize his wond'rous Death?

The Veil is rent—the solid Rocks are tore,

The Graves fly open and the Dead appear;

Earth quakes and trembles, as if shock'd to bear

The load of Guilt, it never felt before.

The Sun withdraws his Light,

And turns bright Day into substantial Night,

To teach the World he could not bear to see

The Acting of so strange a Tragedy:

All nature sickens and doth seem

By Sympathy to die with him.

Th' almighty Father thus confess'd his Son,

And *Roman* Guards with dread th' amazing Signals

(own.

XIV.

Thus did the Sun of Righteousness

Set in a sable Cloud of thickest Night,

(See how the hellish Pow'rs their Joy exprefs!)

Only to rise again more bright,

More glorious in his People's Eyes,

More dreadful to his Enemies.

Oh what amazing Wonders have we here!

What Myst'ries in a *Saviour's* Cross appear!

His Death's our Life; our Glory's in his Shame;

Yielding he vanquish'd, dying overcame.

His Blood marks out the happy Road,

And by his Cross we climb to God.

From his Disgrace our Triumph flows,

Our highest Bliss springs from his deepest Woes.

Dear Lord, whilst we thy Passion celebrate,

And reap the Fruit of all thy Blood and Sweat,

May rapt'rous Love each grateful Bosom swell,

And on each Tongue the warmest Praises dwell.

And tho our highest strains too weak still prove,

Yet we'll not cease to do our best—till heav'nly

(Love,

Shall tune our Souls for more exalted *Hymns* above.

should I only avoid and I hope



*Continual Regards to Christ, as our
Teacher, Governour, Atonement,
Intercessor, Example, Strength,
Guardian and Forerunner.*

I.

MY great Instructor and my Lord,
I hear the Dictates of thy Word;
Teach my submissive Heart, each Hour,
To know its Truth, and own its Pow'r.

II.

Condemn'd by numerous Crimes I stand,
And dread thy Father's wrathful Hand,
Till thine atoning Blood appears,
To raise my Soul, and calm my Fears.

III.

Tho ev'ry Duty, ev'ry Pray'r
Worthless and stain'd with Guilt appear,

Hopeful I bow before the Throne,
Since thou to intercede art gone.

IV.

Thy bright Example, heav'nly Guide,
Fix'd in my View shall still abide;
Still shall the beauteous Image rise,
To lead my steps, and charm mine Eyes.

V.

When Duty calls, tho Nature fail,
In Weakness shall thy Pow'r prevail,
Shall gird with Strength my trembling Hand,
To execute the high Command.

VI.

The Sense of thine endearing Love
Does ev'ry Joy of Life improve;
And when I'm press'd with Fears or Grief,
Thy guardian Care is my Relief.

VII.

Thou to thy Father's shining Throne
Art, as my great Forerunner, gone;

Still let my Soul, with Transport, see
Her heav'nly Life laid up in thee.

VIII.

Never my dearest Lord depart,
But with these Prospects fire my Heart;
Nor let the faithless Wand'rer rove
One Day, one Hour, from thee, my Love.



*The Glory of God shining in the
Creatures.*

I.

LORD how immense thy Being is,
How great thy Works appear!
In all thy Works we thee behold,
For God is ev'ry where.

II.

The azure Heav'ns thy mighty Pow'r
And wond'rous Skill display,

And

And the expanded Firmament,
That spreads its glorious Way.

III.

The circling Sun, whose glad Returns
Our chearful Days compose,
Blazons thy Glory thro' the World,
As round the Globe he goes.

IV.

While his bright Beams all other Things
Disclose to mortal Sight,
How blind are they, who cannot see
Their Maker in his Light!

V.

A faithful Witness in the Heav'ns,
The Silver Queen of Night,
Her Tribute pays, tho she appear
In borrow'd Robes of Light.

VI.

Her Brother's Rays withdrawn, how well
Does she supply his Place,

And

And with the Sun's reflected Beams
Reflects her Maker's Praise?

VII.

The num'rous Stars of Light that gild
The Curtains of the Sky,
With all their mingled Fires unite
To raise thy Glories high.

VIII.

The Planets to thine Honour shine,
And while they seem to stray,
In all their Wand'rings to thy Laws
Still strict Obedience pay.

IX.

While dreadful Thunders rend the Air,
And forked Light'nings flame,
They rouse a stupid Word to learn
The Terrors of thy Name.

X.

Aspiring Mountains that conceal
In Clouds their lofty Brow.

Not their own State, so much as thus
 Their Maker's Grandeur show.

XI.

While in Prostration low to Thee,
 The humble Vales subside,
 And purling Fountains sound thy Praise,
 As they harmonious glide.

XII.

The Waters of the mighty Deep,
 Obey thy sovereign Will,
 At thy Command their Billows roll,
 At thy Command are still.

XIII.

The Winds, that round the Compass play,
 Own their superior Lord,
 In milder Breath, or blustering Storms,
 Still they fulfil thy Word.

XIV.

Tall Pines, and stately Cedars rise
 In Honour to thy Name,

While

While fruitful Trees with bending Boughs

Thy bounteous Grace proclaim,

XV.

Thy pow'rful Word calls Vapours up,

Thence bids them gently flow,

And with the Treasures of the Sky,

Enrich the Fields below.

XVI.

The flow'ry Meads and verdant Plains

Display their gayest Pride,

And lowing Herds and sporting Flocks

Rejoyce on ev'ry side.

XVII.

The feather'd Throng with sweetest Notes,

The Harmony compleat,

From ev'ry Tree, and Hill and Vale,

Their Maker's Praise repeat.

XVIII.

While thus inferior Creatures join

To exalt th' eternal King,

L

Shall

Shall Man, the Glory of thy Works,
Withhold his Offering?

XIX.

Princes, do you lead on the Way,
And Nobles of the Earth;
Thro' ev'ry Rank let it descend,
To Men of meanest Birth.

XX.

Let Old and Young, let High and Low
Perform their several Parts,
And with united Voice express
The Fervor of their Hearts.

XXI.

Let ev'ry Age, Degree, and Sex,
All diff'ring Parties join,
Howe'er you differ—yet you may
Unite in this Design.

XXII.

While thus inferior Creatures join
To exalt th' eternal King.

XXII.

While Nature thus below attempts
Thy Name in feeble Lays,
Let brightest *Angels* catch the Song,
And give thee nobler Praise.

F I N I S.



XXII

While Nature thus below attempts

Thy Name in vain to praise,

Let brightest Angels join the Song,

And give thee nobler Praise.



FINIS



